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[Written for WATSON'S ART JOURNAL.]

THREE PHASES OF A "PERSONAL."

No. I.

DEAREST LAVVIE: "Will the adorable owner of the exquisite 'nez retroussée' who so gracefully alighted from a Fifth avenue stage, at the corner of Twentieth street, deign to inform her captive—who was her vis-a-vis and basked in her sunny smiles from Tenth to Twentieth—where a billet-doux may reach her? Address 'Soupir,' Station D."

Did you see this advertisement in to-day's Herald! I'm the adorable owner! 'tis my saucy little pug which is transformed so, and mine were the sunny smiles that have so elated the susceptible "Soupir"—poor young fellow—he wasn't at all bad looking—he little knew what I was laughing—I beg pardon—smiling at—for you must know, Lavvie dear, that Edward was in the opposite corner of the stage—you know how people get separated in those dreadful stages—not that it *always* matters—let me see, where was I? Oh, Edward, I'm sure, saw poor "Soupir" suppering and looking and glancing like a sully as he was; and very bad tempered Edward looked, I can tell you: but that was not all. Next to me there sat an elderly female griffin, old fashioned, oh! so old fashioned! you may guess, dear, what a fossil she was when I tell you she actually had a *bonnet on*, and you know how long it is since they were worn—well, she evidently suspected there was just a little flirtation going forward—on *his* side alone, dear, of course, and what with her frowns at poor "Soupir," and Edward's frowns and telegrams at me, and "Soupir" himself sighing away through it all, *quite forgetful* of anything or anybody but the "adorable owner," I had to laugh so that I nearly consumed my pocket handkerchief in trying to conceal my "sunny smiles," as my "captive" is pleased to call them. Curious enough I had to call in Twentieth, Edward going on to mama's; and so, when I "gracefully alighted," I took no notice of him just to keep up the mystification: and I do really think "Souper" would have followed me if the griffin had not fixed him with a basilisk (is that spelt correctly) glare! I assure you, dear, I was quite glad to get into Maria's parlor and have my laugh out.

Of course, dear, I shall take no notice of the advertisement, though he was *very nice*; and yet, tell me what you think I ought to do. He was evidently *very much smitten*, and perhaps if I were just to write two lines, not put my name, of course, love, and tell him I am to be married, and that he must not think—but that if—good gracious! how my pen is running away with me; but, then, *his* eyes were blue, and Edward's are dark brown, and you know, love, I always preferred blue; but, of course, I shall not write, and he will inquire at Station D, poor fellow, in vain! There would not be much harm in just sending one line, perhaps? What would you do, dear? I should not have thought it possible to throw so much devotion into a single look as he did. Write soon to your ever

Loving friend, CARRIE.

P. S.—I think I had better not write.

P. S. No. 2.—I have concluded *not* to write.P. S. No. 3.—I will take *your* advice, dear, about writing. CARRIE.

No. II.

To MISS AMANDA JENKINS:

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—A most amusing incident occurred this morning as I was journeying in a Fifth Avenue conveyance. A young gentleman who was seated opposite to me in the stage, had scarcely taken his place, when he began to look at me in the most ambiguous and intelligent manner possible. I could not mistake the destination of his optical attentions, although as you know I am somewhat near-sighted, my vision indeed being quite circumspect; but we women—susceptible flutterers that we are—are not slow to decipher the signalizations of the little god, Cupid; though why the dear little fellow should beso improperly dressed—nothing on but a bow and arrows!—I never could understand. However, as I was saying, he continued looking at me in so confusive a way—I had on my lovely Paris "shappo," and had indulged in just one little touch of the "Bloom of Beauty," a thing I seldom do, as if there is anything I peck myself upon, it is the freshness of my "taint," as the French misnomer goes—let me see, what was I saying? Oh, my gay Lothario kept looking at me so, and sighing so, that I am sure every person in the conveyance noticed him; and an impudent little minx, next to me, with an absurd little snub nose, laughed so, that I could have boxed her ears. Well, dear, she left the conveyance at Twentieth street, and shortly after others did, and by the time we arrived at Thirty-fifth street, I was alone with my admirer, and quite a galvanic thrill went through me. He looked at me with a sort of mingled respect and affection. His mind was evidently undergoing a process of—of—some hard word beginning with met, metem, something or other. So at last to release his embarrassment, and to begin the conversation, I coughed a gentle, soothing, suggestive, ingenious sort of cough, and as my late lamented father would have said, "He rose to the bait," and cordially offered me a "bronchial troche." I timidly and blushing accepted this token of his inevident affection; and then, then, oh my friend, you may imagine my pangs when he said to me, in the most thrilling and melo-dramatic manner, "Madame, pardon the liberty I am about to take." "Sir!" I said. "Pardon me, Madame, but I must speak or die. Madame, is—that angelic creature, who left the stage at Twentieth street—is she—oh, is she your daughter?" My esteemed Amanda, you might have knocked me down with your crochet needle. "Sir," I said, spasmodically, but full of maidenly dignity. "Sir," I said, "you are a brute." And, like another Judith, I could have smote him to the earth with my umbrella. I at once stopped the conveyance and sprang out. I turned to sustain upon him one parting glance of contempt, and there the wretch was at the window smiling in the most condign manner, and offering me another disgusting "lozenge."

Dearest Amanda,

Yours, hysterically,

ETHELIDA JANE.

P. S.—As the poet says, "Man's cruelty to woman makes countless females mourn," and now I am a countless female.

No. III.

CLUB.

To FRANK ARLINGTON, Esq.:

FRIEND OF MY SOUL—That, I fancy, is the orthodox style of commencement when a

fellow is intensely miserable and low-spirited, and all that sort of thing! Never were such eyes out of a picture, never such hair spun by Love's busy spiders, to twine around a fellow's heart and drag him, willing captive, at a woman's chariot wheels forever! Never such a deliciously saucy "nez retroussée" given to mortal fair, and you know my weakness on this point, my madness, I may say—for I am quite a monozec-niac—never was there such a combination of female loveliness carried twenty blocks for ten cents before! Of course you have seen the advertisement, signed "Soupir," in to-day's Herald. I am the lovelorn "Soupir," but who, who is she! You will see by the advertisement where I saw the enchantress, and I firmly believe I should have succeeded in speaking to her, but for a Gorgon, in the shape of an antediluvian feminine, whose cheeks were deeply dyed—not with the charming blushes of nature—but with somebody's never failing "bloom of youth," and whose simpering countenance and mass of false hair were surmounted by a wonderful superstructure, known to antiquaries as a bonnet; she intercepted my fusillade of tender glances and beseeching looks by a battery of stony stares, relieved by a like venerable ogling on her own account; and I need not point out to so perfect a connoisseur as yourself, the petrifying effect of would be tenderness from a Medusa of sixty, when your soul is consuming for a loving look from a Venus of sixteen. My charmer vanished at Twentieth street, and Gorgon so transfixed me that I felt under a spell, and dared not, positively dared not, "to the chase." I had my revenge, though, for when Medusa and I were left together in the stage, and she opened on me with a little "hem, hem," I calmly offered her a cough lozenge, and by asking her if the young lady, &c., &c., was her daughter, have the satisfaction of believing that I have considerably injured her constitution, for never did I see a daughter of Eve (a step-daughter, this, I should say,) look so vicious; and, as you know, the dear creatures can be venomous "some" when they will.

Since writing the above, been to station D—happiest fellow alive!—exquisite specimens of caligraphy—will not send address, but will be in the park to-morrow at 4, with lady friend—must not attempt to speak. Of course not! Hurrah! ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

Excuse me if I finish my note at once.

Yours, ever,

(Don't you envy me?)

WALTER H.

P. S.—How true it is, that "to-morrow never comes!" I think it never will!

MILAN.—Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* has been given at the Scala, with Signora Berini Vanzini, Signori Tiberni and Collini in the principal parts. It was well received, but this was entirely due to the efforts of the artists named, who were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The orchestra was bad; the scenery unsatisfactory; and the *mise-en-scène* wretched. At the Carcano, the management, after playing *Rigoletto* two nights, has gone back to *Romeo e Giulietta*.

FLORENCE.—According to report, a new opera, *Vilfredo Hoffach*, music and words by Madame Rattazzi, will be produced in this capital during the approaching Carnival.